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can recall instances of the former. Turner was the most remarkable instance of the latter the world has ever seen.

We should, in Art criticism, make a distinction on this basis, and call the two classes of *artists* in pigment, *painters* and *colorists*. An artist is a colorist proper according as he develops that color-motive which corresponds in its relation to the visible, to music in its relation to the audible, and the general laws by which musical criticism is governed are entirely analogous to those by which color criticism must be governed. The exact rendering of the tints of nature are, then, no more artistic than the notations of a conversation in musical symbols—while the simplest harmony of grey and blue is as much a matter of Art as the combination of chords or the melody of poetry, for versification itself is only a phase of musical art.

The painter, then, in our division of artists, would be the prose-renderer of the visible world, the colorist the poet, and these distinctions will always be as absolute as in literature; a prose writer may be ever so poetical in his thought, ever so imaginative or grand in conception—we never call him a poet unless his works take the poetic *form*, which is, after all, only the natural consequence of their being *entirely* poetical in substance. What the distinction between poetry and truth not poetry, is, I am not going to discuss; we recognize a distinction, and feel always that the term prose-poem is nonsense, and that a prose poet is not a poet; though he may have *most* of the qualities which go to make a poet—he lacks *one*, and lacking that, is as incomplete as a bird without wings.

The poetry of painting is not either in its color alone any more than the poetry of literature is in versification, yet cannot exist without any more than in the latter case. No poet ever was without the feeling for melody in verse which enabled him to make good verses (I doubt if any but a true poet ever made true verse), and so no poet in painting was without the inspiration of color.

One consequence more I wish to state, necessary, it seems to me, to the truth of what I have said, viz.: that not only is the perfection of color *not* the exact tinting of nature, but it can never be the same—the action of the color-feeling will always modify whatever tints it sees in nature, just as much as a poet puts in metre and rhyme things which were said in plain prose—and cannot do otherwise and write a poem.

Well, I have wandered from the subject I commenced with to that which I wanted to talk of—I have been consistent with my doctrine in taking a theme only from nature. I shall, sometime when I am more at leisure to write than I can be in camp, say something further in regard to this development of color science and its analogies with musical science.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. S.

### Studies among the Leaves.

A good book of travels is a rare treat. Books of travel were once only written by men of observation, of knowledge, of taste, and of feeling, by men who travelled to obtain and convey information, whereas now they are generally written by men with eyes, but with scarcely any other sign of capacity—men who travel either for amusement or to get rid of ennui, and who pay their expenses by writing a book. It is refreshing to find a book of travels that has become a classic, reprinted, annotated and admired by one generation after another, a book the writer of which shows that he could appreciate objects, customs and peo-

ple without carping at them from conventional points of view, and yet with individuality enough and candor enough to let one see the true foundation of his tastes and prejudices, so that his readers can judge for themselves of the value of his facts and comments. Such a book is the "Familiar Letters from Italy," by Charles de Brosses. The author of the "Familiar Letters" was a lawyer, a man of learning, a wit, a school companion of Buffon, a contemporary with Voltaire, with whom he had the honor of a quarrel, the author of several important geographical, philological and historical works, and a man who illustrates forcibly the peculiar qualities of a Frenchman of the polite society of the days of the *ancien régime*. His "Familiar Letters," like all human productions, contains for our instruction both good and evil, that which amuses and that which offends; but there is very little hypocrisy in them, scarcely a high dilution of it in the shape of affectation. De Brosses wrote because he saw things to admire, because he possessed taste, humor, learning and good nature, and because writing evidently was no task to him.

Europe changes its outward forms but little in the course of a hundred and twenty years, and yet one recognizes, by reading the letters of De Brosses, that great changes have taken place in its social aspects. The French revolution swept away many noble types of humanity and aspects of social intercourse, along with its political errors and characters, and not only in France, but particularly in Italy. We have no space to quote all the passages that present contrasts in this respect between Italy of the present day and Italy of the past; and, besides, if we did so, we might be called on to argue certain points which we have no disposition to do. For "a taste," however, we will quote De Brosses' account of his interview with one of those remarkable women who are now historical marvels, and who, with no "rights," certainly learned more without, than women of today learn with them. The lady referred to is La Signora Agnesi. De Brosses says to his correspondent:

"I desire to make known to you, my dear president, a kind of literary phenomenon which I have just encountered, and which struck me as *una cosa più stupenda* than the dome of Milan, and one that at the same time almost caught me napping. I have just returned from the house of Signora Agnesi, whom I informed you yesterday I intended to visit. I was shown into a large and beautiful apartment, where I found thirty persons of every nation in Europe arranged in a circle, and Mademoiselle Agnesi alone seated by the side of her little sister on a sofa. She is a girl of eighteen or twenty years of age, neither handsome nor ugly, and with a very mild and innocent expression. The first thing that was done was to bring some iced water, which appeared to me a very good sign. In going there I supposed that it was only for the purpose of conversing with the young lady in an ordinary manner; instead of that, Count Belloni, who introduced me, made of the visit a kind of public ceremony. He began by addressing to the young lady an elegant harangue in Latin so as to be heard by every one present. She replied happily, after which they began a discussion in the same language, upon the origin of springs, and upon the causes which in some of them produce an ebb and flow like that of the sea. She spoke like an angel on this subject; I never heard anything similar that satisfied me more. This finished, Count Belloni begged me to discuss with her, in the same manner, any subject that I pleased, provided it was mathematical or philosophical. I was quite dumbfounded to find that I was obliged to harangue impromptu, and to speak for an hour in a language

in which I had so little practice. Nevertheless, come what would, I paid him a handsome compliment and then proceeded. We at first discussed the way in which the soul is affected by corporeal objects, and how these can be communicated to the organs of the brain, and finally upon the emanation of light and upon primitive colors. L—— had a dissertation with her upon the transparency of bodies, and upon the properties of certain geometrical curves, which I did not comprehend. He spoke to her in French, upon which she asked permission to reply in Latin, fearing that scientific terms might not come to her tongue so readily in the French language. She spoke marvelously well upon all these subjects, which she certainly could not have anticipated any more than ourselves. She is much attached to the philosophy of Newton, and it is an extraordinary thing to see a person of her age understand so well such abstract matters. But, whatever astonishment her doctrines caused me, I was, perhaps, still more surprised to hear her speak Latin (a language which assuredly she can but rarely use) with such purity, facility and correctness, that I have read no modern Latin book written in so excellent a style as I listened to in her discourses. After having replied to L——, we arose, and the conversation became general. Each person addressed her in the language of his own country, and she replied to each in his own tongue. She told me that she was very sorry that my visit had taken the form of a thesis, that it was not at all agreeable to her to converse on such subjects in company where, for every one person amused there were twenty annoyed, and that it was only appropriate between two or three people of the same taste. This discourse appeared to me as sensible as its predecessors. I was very sorry to learn that she desired to enter a convent (which she did after the death of her father), there being no necessity for it, as she is very wealthy. After some further conversation her little sister played and sang, and we then departed."

This was not the only *rara avis* of this species he encountered, not to mention the skeleton of a female doctor, who, after having instructed professionally while living, ordered by testament that her anatomy should be hung in a certain public gallery for the benefit of students of osteology. At Bologna he encountered another, one Laura Bassi, a professor of philosophy and an admitted *docteur* of the university.

"She wore the ermine robe when she lectured in public, which happened rarely and only on certain important days of the year, because it was not considered decent that a woman should daily expatiate to every new comer upon the hidden mysteries of nature. As a recompense, she occasionally held philosophical conferences at her own house. I attended there one evening, and again, as at Milan, had to rub the rust off of my old Latin, in order to sustain a discussion on the magnet and the singular attractions of electrical bodies. . . . *La Signora* Bassi possesses wit, knowledge and politeness; she expresses herself with ease; but with all that, I would not exchange her for my young Milanese lady."

It is a natural transition to go from learned women to the unlearned, in either case the most instructive phenomena of society, from whatever point of view we take them, and enjoy a glimpse of manners and customs of more general interest. Our author writes from Venice concerning the palaces, which, at that time, were gay and lively habitations instead of the gloomy, damp, dusty and deserted structures they now are. He says:

"The palaces here are of prodigious magnificence, without

much taste (referring, doubtless, to their interiors). In the Foscari palace there are no less than two hundred apartments, all surcharged with wealthy luxuriance, but there is not one room or couch where one can seat himself, and all on account of the delicacy of their sculptures. The Labia palace is of modern style and well arranged. The mistress of the establishment, a lady who has turned the corner of life, and who has been very beautiful and *galante*, and who is excessively fond of the French, and of course of ourselves, exhibited to our view the whole of her jewels, which are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any one individual in Europe. She possesses four complete sets—emerald, sapphire, pearl and diamonds—all preciously inclosed in caskets, and never worn for the reason that the wives of nobles are not allowed to wear jewelry or rich colored dresses except during the first year of their marriage. I offered to conduct her to France myself conjointly with her caskets of precious stones."

Of assemblies, or, as we would say, parties, he states that in Venice they were neither

— "numerous nor entertaining for strangers. There is not even the resource of play. . . . The Venetians, with all their ostentation and fine palaces, do not know what it is *de donner un poulet à personne*. I am occasionally at the *conversations* of the Foscari, a house of extraordinary richness, and with a very polite and gracious lady. For sole entertainment, twenty valets appear about eleven o'clock, bearing upon silver dishes of huge proportions, an immense pumpkin cut into pieces, which is qualified with the name of watermelon, as detestable a dish as was ever heard of. A pile of silver plates accompany it; each person seizes a piece and swallows upon the top of it a small cup of coffee, and toward midnight, withdraws, retreating to his lodgings—to sup at home with a clear head and an empty stomach. I will tell you frankly that one of the great privations of travelling is not to have one's friends near; . . . in foreign countries one must be content with satisfied eyes and a craving heart, with the amusements of curiosity to any extent you please, but as to the resources and comforts of society—none whatever."

Bologna, however, presents a contrast.

"The ladies here are sprightly to excess, tolerably handsome, and something more than coquettish—*spirituelles*; they know the best Italian poets by heart, and all speak French. They quote Racine and Molière, sing, play on various instruments, and swear pretty oaths without thinking any harm in them. There is a custom here which appears to me one of the best and most agreeable in the world, an assembly every evening in an apartment specially devoted to the purpose, and under the control of no one in particular, considering which everybody is free from embarrassment, and nobody is put to the trouble of doing the honors. A few valets engaged for the occasion provide for everything that is necessary. People do just what pleases them, whether it be to chat as lovers, or whether it be to sing, dance, drink coffee or play cards; the first and the last of these pastimes are the ones I have seen the most commonly practised. When one has lost at play, however, a loss which generally ranges between fifty *sous* and a *petit écu*, it is considered positive rudeness to pay it over to the winner; the valets keep an account of it, and remit it to you on the second day afterward."

Leaving private for public entertainments, we quote the following description of a scene in the old Roman amphitheatre at Verona, then used for theatrical entertainments:

"Let me not forget to relate to you an incident which surprised me at the comedy the first time I went to it. One of the bells of the town having struck, I heard a sudden movement behind me as if the whole amphitheatre was crumbling into ruins, and I thought it actually a fact upon seeing, at the same time, the actresses all fly, including one who, in accordance with the progress of the piece, was then in a fainting situation. The true cause of my surprise proceeded from what we call the *Angelus*, the signal for which had just sounded. The entire assembly promptly kneeled at once in their places, all with their faces turned to the east, the actors behind the scenes likewise placing themselves in the same attitude; the *Ave Maria* was then very well sung, after which the actress who had fainting returned, made the customary reverential sign after the *Angelus*, resumed her former rôle of a swoon, and the piece proceeded. It would be necessary to see this theatrical tableau with your own eyes in order to realize its novelty and peculiarity."

De Brosse, in company with most of the learned and liberal minds of his age, was decidedly irreverent, so far, at least, as "the church" and all its paraphernalia were concerned. At Milan he, of course, visits the cathedral, and descends into a subterranean chapel, where lies the body of St. Charles Borromeo. His own name being Charles, he says:

"I had the good fortune to view near by and to kneel before the countenance of my blessed patron saint, and not without indignation against a villainous rat, who, without respect for his beatitude, has had the audacity to eat off the end of his nose. Happily the holy man was so well provided as not to be sensible of a partial loss."

Alluding to the church, we quote a passage that conveys an idea of the wealthy class of the Genoese, also an idea of the application of their wealth:

"The expenditure of these people (the nobles), who make no display in dress, equipage, entertainments, play, horses, etc., is very inconsiderable, and yet they are immensely rich. It is common to find here people with fortunes equal to 400,000 francs income who do not spend 30,000. The balance of their revenues they invest either in estates in Spain and Naples, or in constructing palaces which cost a million, or in building churches for the public that cost more than three millions. Every beautiful church in this city is the production of a single man or of a single family."

We here leave the President De Brosse, hoping to return to him again, there being still many graphic illustrations that are of value in a study of comparative civilization.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

AN ARTISTIC TREAT FOR CONNOISSEURS.—W. A. Townsend & Co., the publishers of Cooper's works, are about to bring out the sixty-four illustrations by Darley, drawn for the works of the great novelist, in a new form. Such has been the demand for proofs of these drawings, that they are about to produce them in eight folios, each folio containing eight of the engravings. Each plate will be faced with a page of letterpress descriptive of the scene illustrated by Darley. Each illustration will be an artist's proof, printed before lettering the plate, on India paper. The folios will be published by subscription, at \$3 each, and as the number is necessarily limited to 500 copies, the lover of American Art will do well to secure an early copy. These illustrations are engraved by the best talent in the country.—Alfred

Jones, the Smillies, Rice, Hinshelwood, Phillibrown, Girsch, Marshall, Paradise, and others—in line, the purest style of the art of engraving.

ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot. Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Reprinted from the London edition.

So far as the power of the writer goes, this book is entitled to all the praise it receives. It is the work of an artist, a literary pre-Raphaelite, one who, we think, writes up to a theory. There is in the constitution of the plot great invention (using, however, some worn out resources); a wonderful attention to details, every figure, object and shade of expression being as clearly visible to the mind as if painted or sculptured to the eye; the drama of human passion, in the garb and language of common life, powerfully set before us, and an unexceptionable moral, albeit the characters upon whom its positive aspects rest, are, we think, chargeable with affectation. But what this novel lacks as an ideal work of Art, is a sentiment of the beautiful. In spite of the author's claim for a contrary principle, a novel as a work of Art should not create images which do not combine moral and æsthetic elements in noble, pure and beautiful forms. It may not succeed in giving us the highest expression of this combination, but it should recognize their relative affinity and mutual dependence. A doctrine like the following is as heretical, æsthetically, as it is false morally and scientifically.

Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clovens taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin-pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of unions. . . . Let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of common place things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, etc.

So long as these homes welcome nobler Art in England, as is proved by the way in which they welcomed Scheffer's "Christus Consolator" (distributed gratuitously among a large number of them, if we mistake not, some years since, by Florence Nightingale), we can dispense with any arguments to refute the sophistical reasoning of such writers. Novels of this class, of the Mary Barton stamp, may be popular in England, the land of puritanical sentimentality, and may be useful in their place, but do not let us foster ideal creations of common life theoretically, if the age does not allow us to abstain practically.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. Translated by Mrs. Annie T. Wood. Edited, with an Introduction, by E. N. Kirk, D.D. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

ANTIQUITY.—Antiquity is worthless, except as the parent of experience. That which is useful is alone venerable; that which is virtuous is alone noble; and there is nothing so illustrious as the dedication of the intellect and the affections to the great end of human improvement and happiness; an end which will be the ultimate test and touchstone of all our institutions, by a reference to which they will be judged, and either perpetuated or swept away.—*Westminster Review*.